

Masthead Logo

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Road

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He is the kind of man who could say
Of a certain author, his genius lay
In his stylistic defects, in the agonizingly
Long sentences, the irrelevant tangents
Which seem to march forward in thickets
Of foggy sentiment, in the obsessive concern
With impression to the near total dereliction
Of plot . . . and be speaking about himself with such
Candor, such exactitude, that he blushes, falls
Off, confesses that he's happy just reading
A sentence or two a night, because there is
So much in them which connects so sublimely
With what is so little in him. He sits
Among Moroccan rugs, opera, television.

ROAD

I have a—possibly false—recollection
of a donkey parked near a gas station,
with trees beginning to sway,
heavy with rain. It brays.
Its wet coat is dirty yellow
like the clutter at the base of hollows
of leaf and paper, or, in our rooms,
the tinge of tea. Nothing blooms
but cabbage and nettle.
The fanned flow of motors in the rain
is punctuated by what seems increasing pain
as it winds tighter on its cord and will not settle.
Whether it is the beauty of categories,
or the beauty of complaint . . . we pass by.